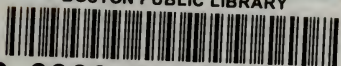


BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 9999 06659 500 8

4332
.22

Research
Library

N^o 4332.22



GIVEN BY

Wm. Everett, Esq.

1 1/22

ADDRESS

DELIVERED ON THE DEDICATION OF

MAGNOLIA CEMETERY,

AND

ON THE

433 2.22

AND

19TH NOVEMBER, 1850.

BY CHARLES FRASER.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

STEAM-PRESS OF WALKER AND JAMES, 101 EAST-BAY.

1850.

YRABILLIOLU
ENT TO
NOT 208 40 110

From 4405.5—
81509

Wm. Everett, Esq. Aug. 7, 1867.

ADDRESS.

GENTLEMEN :—You have not inappropriately selected one to address you, on the dedication of the Magnolia Cemetery, to whom the most of life is in retrospect, and whose future is bounded by no distant horizon. The occasion is solemn and impressive, and the reflections it excites well become him whose early friendships have almost all passed away like a dream, and whose most cherished recollections are identified with the grave. We have met here for no ordinary solemnity—not to honor the living, not to rehearse the praises of the departed sage and statesman, or to do reverence to the memory of a virtuous and victorious chief—but to pay our homage to the great conqueror of conquerors, and to witness the completion of another mansion “in the house appointed for all living.”

This soil, hitherto yielding its increase to the labors of the husbandman, is henceforth to become the domain of Death ; and God alone, as it pleaseth him, can give a body to the seed that is to be sown in it. The blossoms which spring up beneath our feet, and which have hitherto known no other refreshing influence than the dews of evening, are doomed to be moistened by the tears of affection, and to become the embellishments of the tomb. And these venerable trees, whose spreading branches have been so long tuneful with the harmonies of Spring, are now destined to re-echo the wail of sorrow and mourning. From every purpose, therefore, of human industry or relaxation, are these precincts to be henceforward forever divorced. The sentence of their consecration has been pronounced, and they are now religiously devoted to a purpose, which, in every age and condition of society, has been hallowed by the profoundest respect and veneration

We stand upon ground which the implements of agriculture are never again to disturb, or the voice of mirthful industry to profane. Around us are the future graves of the aged and the young, the learned, the wise, the lovely and the innocent ; the favorites of fortune, and of those upon whose paths the light of prosperity has never shone. This peaceful asylum offers rest from their labors, a shelter from every storm, a defence against every danger and vicissitude ; whilst to those who shall be prematurely snatched from the endearing attractions of childhood and youth, it pledges the sweetest sympathies of nature.

The world—wide, varied, beautiful—with all its diversities of season and climate, its pleasures and its occupations, its joys and its affections, its follies and its frivolities, is the domain of the living. It becomes, therefore, the no less grateful than natural duty of the living, to provide for the peaceful slumbers of the dead, and to gather around their last resting-place every tribute of respect, and every emblem that may be suitable to its loneliness and repose.

This duty is so consonant to the best feelings of humanity, that there is none more universally recognized. Even the savage lays aside his ferocity in its pious discharge ; and in constructing the mound of turf over the remains of his kindred, seems to invoke the sympathies of posterity. The remotest nations of antiquity—those whose history is but dimly discovered through the mists of time—have yet left indestructible memorials of their pious and ardent desire to preserve the remains, and embalm the memory, of distinguished contemporaries and cherished relatives. This duty, so sacred even amongst the uncivilized, becomes elevated in proportion to the refinement and cultivation, either of the individual or the community which it influences. If it be natural and grateful, it is also honorable and praiseworthy, and involves a high and abiding social obligation. Who can estimate the claims of the grave ? To the dead we are indebted for the purest examples of public virtue, and of private worth. To the dead we are indebted for many of those discoveries and improvements in art and science which are diffusing the blessings of comfort and prosperity throughout the world.

To the dead we owe the high standards of intelligence and urbanity which give to social intercourse its greatest charm. To the dead, even in our own beloved country, we owe, not only the foundations of the great fabric of our liberties, but those lessons of wisdom, justice and moderation, upon the observance of which alone can depend its stability. Whilst to the memory of those with whom we have journeyed through the rugged paths of life, and "taken sweet counsel together," we owe the unceasing tribute of respect and affection—that tribute which .

"a grateful mind,
By owing, owes not. But still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged."

And shall not such considerations as these awaken a deep sense of the claims which society has upon our best efforts for its welfare? How much of those exertions, corporeal and intellectual, which it would have been our duty to make, have we been exempted from by the labors of our predecessors? Shall we then live on the wealth acquired by their industry, or bask in the glory which their virtues have reflected, and yet be regardless of what we owe to posterity? Is it not rather sacredly incumbent on us to endeavor to transmit, improved and multiplied, the benefits and advantages thus gratuitously provided for us? These obligations, if duly regarded, cannot fail to stimulate and ennoble our exertions. These are the appeals of the grave—these its voiceless teachings, the lessons it inculcates, the feelings it invokes, and the debt it calls upon us to discharge. Then hallowed, forever hallowed, be its precincts. May they be invested with every association that can heighten their solemnity, or add to their quietude.

In the cemeteries that surround the city of Constantinople, the profoundest repose is said to prevail. The sound of a human voice is never heard within them, for silence and tranquillity are considered by the Turks the peculiar privileges of the tomb. The youth of Athens sought the deepest recesses of the Academy, to receive the instructions of their sages. The student of all times has betaken him to the pri-

vacy and solitude of the closet for meditation. And where, with all its edifying attributes, could a cemetery be more appropriately located, than amidst the tranquil scenes of nature? Where could its mute eloquence be more emphatic and salutary? Hence the contrast that there always must be between the repose and seclusion of a rural cemetery and that of a crowded city, surrounded by the parade and the levities of fashion, by the noise and bustle of business, and too often desecrated by the jests of the heedless and profligate. Over the one, nature loves to breathe her sweetest harmonies, and to shed her balmiest dews; whilst the other is beset with every association that can repel thought and meditation. The expanse of the one invites the varied and instructive lessons of the "rolling year;" whilst to the narrow limits and dreary uniformity of the other, the seasons, as they change, bring no relief. But in nothing could this contrast be more striking, than in the funeral scenes they respectively exhibit. There is a mournful solemnity—a soothing quiet—a devotional influence in the one, disposing the heart to every impression which the occasion should excite. Whilst in the other, the religious services are often performed amidst crowds of unconcerned spectators—intruding upon the weeping mourners, (as we all have seen) even at the very side of the grave, and intercepting, as it were, the last tribute of remembrance and affection.

The most beautiful and popular poem in the English language was suggested by a country church-yard. Mr. Burke said that he would rather sleep in one, than in the tomb of the Capulets. And what could we conceive more soothing to the spirits of Walton and Evelyn, than that their last long slumber should be passed beside the murmurs of a favorite rivulet, or beneath the shelter of a spreading grove!

The agreeable associations suggested by the name of Sir John Evelyn, the immortal author of the *Sylva*, are so interwoven with our subject, that I must devote to them the attention which they claim. A cemetery, such as is here contemplated, may be so arranged as to combine with its real object the most agreeable and diversified embellishments;

for where may not the pervading influence of taste be exhibited? And why should it be excluded from the sanctuary of the grave?

“Does the gay flower scorn the grave? the dew
 Forget to kiss its turf? the stream
 Refuse to bathe it? or the beam
 Of moonlight shun the narrow bed,
 Where the tired pilgrim rests his head?
 No. The moon is there, and smiling too,
 And the sweet song of the morning bird
 Is oft in the ancient yew-tree heard.”

It is the primary object of art, in the representation of any subject or scene, to bring together whatever may be characteristic of its design, and excite the associations intended to predominate. Now, without inquiring into the philosophy of that feeling which, amongst the civilized of all ages, has led to the decoration of the last abodes of the dead, we must admit that that feeling not only still exists undiminished, but chastened and elevated by the influence of modern taste and of Christian refinement. The temples and obelisks and pillars, and other costly structures of former times, were as much the monuments of living vanity as of departed worth. But the taste of the present day is to invite contemplation, with all its soothing influence, by some modest memorial of the departed, more eloquent in its appeals to the heart than the proudest monument—to exchange the crowded churchyards of cities, whose associations, beyond the claims of private feeling, are neither pleasing nor profitable, for the quiet and secluded walks of a rural cemetery, where the mourner may withdraw, and indulge, unseen, the luxury of grief.

“When, stealing from the noise
 Of care and envy, sweet remembrance soothes,
 With virtue’s kindest looks, his aching breast,
 And turns his tears to rapture.”

To Sir John Evelyn we are indebted for the first great outline of all modern cemeteries of this description. For, after the great fire of London, which destroyed so many churches, with their vaults and depositaries of the dead, he lamented

“that a grated enclosure, of competent breadth, for a mile in length, had not been established on the north wall of the city, for a universal cemetery for all the parishes, with ample walks of trees, adorned with monuments, inscriptions and titles, apt for contemplation and memory of the defunct.”

Every object that surrounds a sylvan grave is in unison with its appeals to the heart. The trees that shade it, the breeze that sighs over it, the shower that moistens it, the verdure that covers it, the blossoms that shed their sweets upon it, are all appropriate, and emblematic not only of its repose, but of its hopes. The seed that perishes, but to spring up into new life ; the sere leaves that fall upon it, but to be replaced by a new mantle of verdure, are all eloquent types.

“ Shall man be left forgotten in the dust,
When fate relenting, lets the flowers revive ?
Shall nature’s voice, to him alone unjust,
Bid him, though doomed to perish, hope and live.”

If decay and re-production, decomposition and re-organization, are the unvarying course of inanimate nature ; if the gloomiest day of winter but brings us, on its departure, nearer to the smiles of spring ; are we not admonished, in language not to be misunderstood, that “ this mortal must put on immortality, and that what is sown a natural body, must be raised a spiritual body ?” And, therefore, how redolent of joy and hope, do these symbols, in their perpetually renewed freshness, make the graves of the pious and the virtuous ; for in the elegant language of Shirley,

“ Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.”

And oh, is there nothing in that dust to distinguish it from any other—no trace left of the spirit that once animated it, of that beauty, which was once embodied in it, those charms of youth and loveliness, representing all that we can conceive of angelic nature ! Yes. The same power that can arrest the scattered rays of the setting sun, and bid them beam with collective lustre on the morrow—that power can re-animate this frail relic of earthly existence, spiritualized and meet for heaven.

Such reflections as these can only be suggested by the view of a Christian cemetery. But, as we have just said, that the duty of honoring the dead has, in all ages, been consonant to the best feelings of humanity, it may not be uninteresting to refer, however cursorily, to the habits of some of those nations which existed before life and immortality were brought to light by the Gospel, or to whom its hopes have not been yet revealed ; in all of which, however modified by time or circumstance, we will find a remarkable coincidence of motive and design—evincing a desire to prolong the memory, and preserve the remains of the body after its separation from the soul.

It was rather the hope, than the certainty, of their reunion, that induced the ancient Egyptians to prepare their dead for that happy event, by embalming and providing for them the most costly and durable habitations. The Necropolis of Thebes, and that of Memphis, and innumerable other monuments, whose existence dates almost beyond the reach of chronology, attest the art, the labor and the wealth bestowed on these wonderful structures, so emphatically called the cities of the dead ; whose quiet population consisted of races and generations. But vain hope ! Those sepulchral sanctuaries, with all the splendor of their adornments, have long since given up their hallowed deposits. Their "*adyta penetrabilia*" have been sacreligiously invaded, and now the untenanted Mausoleum and plundered sarcophagus, are but melancholy remains of human pride and power. And what were intended to immortalize kings and princes, have, after a lapse of untold ages, become rather the monuments of departed nations.

In no place that we read of, was greater respect paid to the dead than in Athens. In the performance of every rite, and in the observance of every solemnity which even superstition required, the heart seemed to take an active share. The grave of a deceased friend was anointed with perfumes, and decorated with garlands of myrtle and amaranth, and his memory was ever afterwards held sacred. The law protected it ; for a severe penalty was imposed by their great legislator upon all who spoke evil of the dead. And the

monuments erected to their memory, it was always considered a sacred duty to honor and respect. A good name was regarded by the heathens as the only human blessing of which death could not deprive a man. And the certainty of its being thus guarded, was a great consolation in their last moments.

Nor were the Romans less observant of all the solemnities due to the obsequies of departed friends. For, whether they burned, or buried them, their tombs were held sacred, and were protected by law from violation. To the Romans, more than to any other people of antiquity, are we indebted for the touching and beautiful custom of scattering roses over the sepulchres of the dead, now so much practised in all civilized countries, and of which we have so recently seen a striking instance in our community. The rose, it is well known, was a favorite flower amongst the Romans, and always used in the greatest profusion on festive occasions. Their poets abound in allusions to this habit, which prevailed even to the latest period of the empire. But one of them alludes to roses also as an emblem of mourning. Indeed, so grateful was their odor believed to be to the manes of the dead, that entire gardens are said to have been bequeathed by wealthy Romans for the adornment of their tombs; whilst the less fortunate citizen was satisfied with this humble appeal to the wayfaring man.

“I pray you, traveller, scatter roses over my urn.”

If their public buildings were so many monuments of strength and magnificence, their tombs were also erected upon a corresponding scale of beauty and durability. And their epitaphs (for their’s was a language for epitaphs) were no less remarkable for tenderness of sentiment, than for condensed beauty. Where could eulogy be more happily expressed, than in these *eight words*, on a youth buried by the side of the Flaminian way.

“Custus moribus, integer pudore,
Velox ingenio—decore felix.”

Or how could parental affection be more touchingly inscribed, than in the following *three*:

“Pia mater fecit.”

If other instances were wanting, further to illustrate this universal feeling of respect and veneration for the dead, they are most touchingly exhibited in the cemeteries of the Turks. There is a law of their religion forbidding any other memorial to be placed over a grave, than a simple wreath of myrtle or flowers; but even this law of their religion is made to yield to that of affection; for they have monuments of marble, inscribed with all the beauty of Eastern imagery, and recording, in language at once figurative and mournful, the virtues of the departed, and the friendships which death has severed. Over the grave of one of their poets, is the following inscription: "The nightingale which charmed us on earth, is gone to sing in the groves of Paradise." Over that of a young unmarried female, are these beautiful expressions. "A tempest has swept over a garden of roses, and borne away a blossom to adorn the courts of heaven." And what could be more exquisitely touching, than this epitaph of a mother over her daughter: "The little bird of my heart has fled from its cage." We may further illustrate this part of our subject, by mentioning some individual instances furnished by history. Such as the Mausoleum erected by Artemesia, Queen of Caria, to the memory of her husband, so magnificent, as to be esteemed one of the wonders of the world; the splendid monument, with its seven pyramids, raised by Simon to the memory of his brother Jonathan, as mentioned in Macabees; also, those ancient sepulchral structures in and about Rome, whose ruins even now attract the admiration of travellers; the monument to Cecilia Metella; the pyramid to Caius Sestius; and the tomb of Plautius Lucanus on the Tiber.

These examples, embracing the heathens of antiquity, and tho Moslem of the present day, show how much in harmony with those of the Christian, are the feelings that sanctify the grave in every age, and amongst all people, and how forcibly they proclaim the universal identity of human affection, however elevated by education or abased by the want of it. Yet, after all, what beauty of phrase or of imagery is more striking, than the humble hope, inscribed upon a Christian's tomb, of resurrection to eternal life.

If nothing has been said, in our reference to the customs of antiquity, about the burning of the dead, it is because there is nothing now more interesting in relation to it, than the occasion and the period of its discontinuance. As it originated with barbarians, its adoption by enlightened nations is the more unaccountable. A practice so repugnant to all the sensibilities inspired by Christianity could not withstand its presence and its power, whithersoever introduced. It fled from it in Rome, and ultimately became extinct in every country to which the spirit and the influence of that religion extended; and it now exists nowhere among civilized nations.

Burial or inhumation was a primitive custom, transmitted from the days of the patriarchs, continued by the Israelites, and finally and permanently adopted by the Christians. It was the most natural way of rendering obedience to the universal sentence, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return;" and nothing but heathen ignorance could have ever excused a disregard of it. It is the right and the privilege of earth to receive within its bosom, the body which it has nourished and fostered, and which, after the toils and infelicities of life, turns to it as to the arms of a kind parent. How much more touching were the last words of Jacob to his sons, "Bury me with my fathers in the cave which is in the field of Ephron the Hittite," than that remarkable address of the Emperor Adrian to the urn that was to hold his ashes: "Little urn, thou shalt soon contain what the world could not."

After what has been thus said, profane authority might appear superfluous; but Cicero, in calling burial "a most ancient custom," *antiquissimum sepulturæ genus*, refers to that of Cyrus, as mentioned by Zenophon, which was certainly at a very remote period; for Cyrus lived about 200 years after the Prophet Isaiah, or 500 before the Christian era.

The burial of the dead *without their cities*, was also a prevailing custom among the ancients. It was practised by the Israelites. The burial-field of Jerusalem was in the valley of Cedron, and the only exception of burial within its walls, was in "the sepulchre of kings." David and Solomon and Jeroboam and Jotham and Ezekiah, all slept with their

fathers in the city of David. And Jehoida was permitted to sleep there "amongst the kings," because he had done good in Israel. Every other remarkable grave which we read of in their history, was without the walls of Jerusalem. That sepulchre which Moses and the prophets had seen through the vista of time, was in a garden. "There was a garden, and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein man was never yet laid." That of Lazarus was in a cave near Bethany. And the Scriptures inform us that after the resurrection, the saints who had risen from the grave, "walked into the city and appeared to many." The ancient Israelites had their sepulchres in gardens,* on the sides of mountains, and in fields, over which the opulent families raised superb and ostentatious monuments; and those were said to be the whited sepulchres to which the Scribes and the Pharisees were compared. Their burial places were objects of peculiar care, for they were considered as places but of temporary rest, awaiting another and higher existence. Hence, amongst the Hebrew writers, death was always described as a slumber, as is fully denoted by the expression so common with them, of "sleeping with their fathers." And even to this day, the grave, in the Hebrew language, is called "the house of life." And it is well worthy of remark, in connection with these views, that a burial place was the earliest acquisition of the Hebrews in Canaan, through their great progenitor, Abraham.

After the exclusion of funeral piles from the cities of Greece, on account of the danger of fire, the habit of burying without their walls became universal. The cemeteries of Athens surrounded it on every side. The Ceramicus, which had been set apart for the burying of those who had done honor to their country, was detached from the city; and the road leading to the academy, was lined with tombs of illustrious men. Every family had its separate burial place, and it was considered a great calamity to be laid anywhere but in the sepulchres of their ancestors.

We know that the burning and the burial of the dead

* Manesseh and Amon were buried in the garden of Uzza.—2 K., 21st.

within the walls of Rome, were both prohibited by a law of the 12 tables, at an early period of the republic. And this would appear to authorize one of two conclusions—either that it was adopted from the customs or regulations of the countries out of which those laws had been compiled, or incorporated into it afterwards, in consequence of a fatal domestic necessity. For, during the absence of the Roman senators upon their important mission, it is said by historians that a terrible mortality ravaged the city of Rome, which probably rendered this provision one of necessary policy in regard to health. It is very certain that this prohibition led to the ornament of their public roads, by very costly and magnificent tombs, and to have covered the neighborhood of Rome with stately sepulchres and monuments. Augustus and Tiberius were buried on the *Via Appia*; St. Peter was buried on the *Via triumphalis*, and St. Paul on the *Via ostiensis*. The eloquent Chateaubriand, in mentioning these sepulchres, makes a beautiful allusion to the journey of life. “Among the Greeks and Romans,” says he, “the dead are deposited near the entrance of their cities, or along their highways, and their tombs appear, as in *truth they are*, like the monuments of so many pilgrims or travellers.”

Now, these references to history, if interesting on no other account, may be excused for one reflection that they suggest, which is, that the present age, boasting of its improvements, and resting, with conscious satisfaction, on its superior advantages in all that belongs to social comfort, should be falling back upon a custom of nations long gone by, and which survive only in history, or in their own dilapidated monuments. What a tribute to the wisdom and policy of the past! And yet so it is.

Having thus endeavored to show that extramural burial was a custom of high antiquity, we indulge the hope of being able to trace the progress of those circumstances which have recommended it to the adoption of modern times. It prevailed among the Romans until the introduction of Christianity; in the early ages of which it yielded, but gradually, to the influence of the new religion. For, prior to the fourth

century, burials in cities were expressly forbidden, and this prohibition was repeated by the edicts of several successive emperors. The first exception to it, was in favor of martyrs and the relics of martyrs. They alone were deposited in churches. Bishops and other ecclesiastics, eminent for zeal and piety, were gradually permitted to share the honors of martyrs, and to repose with them in the sanctuary. This privilege became afterwards so general, that the temples of the Most High, as has been said, became converted into so many receptacles of the dead. And hence, there is not a cathedral in Europe, of any antiquity, which has not its subterranean crypts or domitories.

In progress of time, the lands contiguous to churches were consecrated, and set apart as cemeteries, and the custom of burying within their limits, became extended, with the dominion of the parent church, to every part of Europe; for, when the Reformation took place in England, it found cemeteries or church-yards attached to every place of worship, both in and out of cities. We know that their introduction was of much earlier date than the reign of Edward I.; yet, there is a statute of his recognizing their sacredness and providing against their violation. But the custom of burying within churches continued, notwithstanding, and has been practised even to the present day. Westminster Abbey has been called "a vast assemblage of sepulchres;" and St. Paul's Cathedral—itself a monument—covers the ashes of a host of England's worthies. From their earliest use in England, there were, no doubt, many reasons in favor of cemeteries being made appendages to places of worship; not only for the facilities they afforded for performing the funeral rites of the church, but on account of the solemn and serious reflections to which their vicinity naturally disposed the mind in the hours of devotion. Besides, there was not a year added to their dates, that did not also add to their claims upon individual feeling, as the depositories of kindred and friends; and this consideration, alone, gave to them a sacredness and value beyond calculation. Nor was this all; for, in proportion to these, was the very natural desire which every one felt of sleeping with their fathers; whilst the sanctity given

by consecration to cemeteries in close proximity with the church, no doubt added weight to these considerations in minds piously disposed.

We thus endeavor to account for the earnest traditional attachment of the English people to church-yard interment ; an attachment very naturally transmitted to their American descendants. But, however proper the wish, or numerous the reasons, for a continuance of the custom, it may be carried to such an extent in cities, as to threaten dangerous consequences to public health. Evils of alarming magnitude have been found to proceed from it in London, with a population whose annual amount of deaths is fifty-two thousand.

If years ago, the remark was made, that "it was easier to provide for the living than the dead," in that great metropolis ; if years ago, pressing memorials were addressed to the government on the abuses growing out of intramural burials ; if cogent appeals were made to public opinion, on a practice even then pronounced "absurd and prejudicial ;" with what force must the whole subject have come before the English nation, since their government has, at length, responded to these appeals, and acted with a zeal suitable to the emergency. Proper means were taken to inquire into the extent of the evils complained of, when the most revolting abuses were found to exist, in the interment of their dead ; abuses not only repugnant to every feeling of humanity, but menacing the propagation of disease and mortality. Information was even sought on the continent, when it was ascertained that every city, both in France and Germany, visited with that view, had abolished intramural burials. And here, we cannot but wonder that a people so reasonable and enlightened, and so prominent in every project of social improvement, should have remained so long inactive on a subject of such vital importance. The only previous practical step of the government that we are aware of, was the granting of corporate privileges to the Kensall Green Cemetery Association about the year 1831.

The French, however, were greatly in advance of them, for the city of Paris, upwards of sixty years ago, became deeply impressed with the danger of having cemeteries in

the midst of her crowded population, and determined to suppress them. It is said that that of the Innocents alone had existed for a thousand years ; and as pestilential fevers resulted from its continued use, an investigation was set on foot, the result of which was so alarming, and the need so pressing, that it was forthwith discontinued. The remaining cemeteries of Paris were also afterwards suppressed, and others substituted for them in the environs of the city ; one of which was the celebrated *Pere la Chaise*, so called from being situated on ground formerly occupied by the mansion of the celebrated confessor and counsellor of Louis XIV.

Thus, the removal of cemeteries from the abodes of the living, appears to have proceeded altogether from *sanitary considerations*. More need not be said, of the importance attached to the subject in the great cities of the transatlantic world.

It must be evident to all present, that the subject is daily acquiring a deeper interest in every American community. And, although that interest is as yet but prospective and contingent, it is not, therefore, less important. Whilst we see an emigrant population filling up our cities, and a fatal epidemic, hitherto unknown in our favored country, carrying disease and mortality into its healthiest portions, we cannot be indifferent to the suggestions of a prudent foresight, or disregard any measure or policy whose object is to provide against future evil ; and particularly in a climate like ours, so different from that of either London or Paris.

With these remarks, we will now advert to the *suburban cemeteries* of our own country. But, before speaking of them, we would offer one general remark, not less obvious than gratifying, which is, that whilst in other countries their adoption has been *compulsory* and *unavoidable*, in our own they have been *voluntarily* established ; for no necessity has, as yet, occurred for any legislative enactment in relation to them ; the evils of an overgrown population having scarcely yet begun to be realized in the largest American cities. They appear to have proceeded from a becoming sense of all the moral proprieties involved in the subject : the incongruity of grave-yards in the midst of the strife and turmoil of

cities ; their effect, in impairing those solemn associations with which they ought always to impress the mind ; and, lastly, the evils growing out of an every-day familiarity with death—rendering the mind callous to its serious and impressive warnings :

“Death, when we meet the spectre in our walks,
As we did yesterday, and shall to-morrow,
Soon grows familiar, like most other things
Seen—not observed.”

Then, again, the opportunities they afford of selecting retired and peaceful situations, where the beauties of nature and the improvements of art may be united in promoting the moral purposes of their establishment.

If all the other cemeteries in this country are as happily suited to their object as Mount Auburn, near Boston, it would really seem that Providence, in designating the sites of our great cities, and combining every advantage of locality for the living, has also reserved a spot near each of them, as “a city of silence” for their dead ; for, in that cemetery, there is a prodigality of romantic and quiet beauty, that most strikingly adapts it to its purposes. Such a situation, so appropriated, reminds one of a remark of the great Roman orator and philosopher, upon the stately sepulchres of some of his distinguished countrymen : “Can their tenants be otherwise than happy ?” *miseros putas illos ?*

The establishment of Mount Auburn was an era of taste in our country, at least, as applicable to such an object, for the cemeteries of earlier date were plain, and without any pretension to sylvan decoration. Since then, almost all our chief cities have introduced rural cemeteries into their neighborhood, recommended, as it is said, by similar advantages of situation and embellishment. Although the names given to many of these are attractive and romantic, there is none that yields in apt and pleasing associations to that selected for the one we are assembled to consecrate—“The Magnolia Cemetery”—suggesting at once to the imagination, and blending, in happy union, the idea of decay on the one hand, and ever-verdant vitality on the other.

Gentlemen :

Having endeavored, in the foregoing remarks, to present to you some of the moral and prudential considerations involved in our subject, it is the hope of him who addresses you, that, neither singly, nor collectively, have any been urged, which might not justify the congratulations he now tenders to you for your successful efforts in an enterprise so novel in our community, and so important in its objects. Although the necessity has not yet arisen for any prohibitory enactment, in relation to the long established grave-yards of our city, yet its population is a growing one; and it is a mark of prudence to look forward to future interests in our arrangements for the present. Therefore, you profess the desire, in establishing this cemetery, "to make more ample provision than now exists for the final disposition of the remains of our own, and of coming generations." You further declare it to be your "aim to supply this want by the establishment of a rural cemetery, where the beauties of nature and the cultivation of taste and art will lend a soothing influence to the grave." In these declarations are emphatically condensed the whole scope of the preceding remarks.

You have been happy, in a section of country not remarkable for any variety of scenery, or for any striking features of landscape beauty, in having selected a site capable of every improvement required for the use to which it is to be appropriated. Like the unsullied canvass, inviting the creations of fancy from the pencil of the artist, a wide field, in almost original simplicity, is here spread before you by the hand of nature, and requiring only the adornments of taste to carry out her design of beauty. Greater undulation of surface would scarcely be desirable, it being already sufficiently varied to favor the meandering course of the water, which flows beneath yon moss-hung oaks, even to the limits of your enclosure. There we behold a neat funeral chapel, lifting its gothic tower above the trees that embower it, with its deep-toned bell always ready to welcome the "stranger and sojourner" to this mansion of rest.

Nor can we be indifferent to the prospects which attract the eye on every side—Cooper river pursuing its quiet course towards the ocean, and the ocean blending its dim line with the mists of the horizon ; the harbor, with Sullivan's Island and Forts Moultrie and Sumpter in the distance ; the approach and departure of vessels ; and last, though not least, Charleston itself, with its lofty steeples and its forest of masts in beautiful perspective.

In the choice of this ground, you have given a pledge to the future, which the future only can enable you to redeem. But nature will surely favor your pious and liberal efforts, and each succeeding spring will add to their success. The time chosen is also favorable for your enterprize. For being voluntary, and undertaken at a season of prevailing healthiness, it is calculated to reconcile public opinion to the measure, in advance of any necessity that may hereafter arise to require the exclusion of burials from within our city ; a necessity which I hope and trust is yet far distant.

There is a result of no ordinary interest that awaits the success of your undertaking, which is, that upon the portals of this enclosure no token of exclusion is inscribed, no preference of any religious tenet or position ; but adopting the charities of the grave, which levels all distinctions, natural or social, amongst men, and brings them, however diversified their conditions, or discordant their opinions, to one common rest, you offer the repose of this cemetery upon conditions irrespective of *denominational* distinctions, and free to all alike who may accept them. Those who have journeyed through life in different paths of belief, may meet here in peaceful oblivion of all discord and jealousy. Whilst to those who are unwilling to be separated from their brethren in faith, when the seed committed to this ground shall have been called into life by the "Lord of the harvest," of what little avail will have been the companionship of the grave.

There is a peculiar interest, both in this scene, and in the occasion of it. We have met here, my friends, to witness the dedication of the Magnolia Cemetery ; and it has been, accordingly, dedicated, in our presence, by appropriate services and ceremonies ; dedicated, not only to the peaceful

repose of the dead, but to the memories that accompany them, and to the hopes and aspirations that linger over the tomb!—dedicated to the deepest emotions of the human heart, to all the sorrows and sensibilities that cluster around the grave, to the tears of the orphan, to the affliction of the widow, the bereavement of the parent, the pangs of severed love, and the cherished claims of remembered friendship. But what external rite can give greater sanctity to this place, than that with which nature and religious sentiment will always invest it. Whenever this little spot of earth shall claim its kindred tribute, if the sorrow with which that tribute is yielded be consecrated by prayer, although only two or three are present, He, who wept with the sisters of Lazarus, will be with them to bless and to comfort.

Death can scarcely be said to have yet entered upon the soil thus formally surrendered to him. But how soon he will come to claim possession, and to exercise dominion over it, who can tell? The tomb beneath that spreading oak was found here when the Company became proprietors. It marks the resting place of a youthful soldier of the Palmetto Regiment, and will always be a valued trust in their possession. If the solemn invocations in which we have this day united, are to impart a sanctity to these precincts, then is that spot doubly consecrated. Filial piety, parental affection, devoted patriotism, are the moral elements of the atmosphere that surrounds it. It has a history worthy of the most lasting honor and respect. For *there* were interchanged the last farewell words between a dutiful son and an affectionate mother. The regiment was quartered in this neighborhood, on the eve of its departure for Mexico. Under that tree, and on that secluded spot, unseen by human eye, the interview took place. How deeply it impressed him, may be learned from the fact, that he requested, should he fall in battle, that his remains might be brought home to his native soil, and deposited on a spot so endeared to his recollection. After being honorably engaged in every battle, with his regiment, and participated in every danger and hardship to which it was so gloriously exposed, he fell a victim to disease. His request was remembered, and complied with, and *there*, in a

soldier's grave, he lies. Peace to his remains, and honor to his memory. That grave beyond, with its little dreamless slumberer, may be regarded as a token of the smiles of heaven upon this undertaking, as though it had been ordained that the first word inscribed on the first page of your history, should be INNOCENCE.

Many of you who hear me, are surrounded by the very clods that shall hereafter cover both you and yours. Let imagination look forward but a few years, to the scenes which these spreading lawns will exhibit. Amidst the luxuriant evergreens that will then shade them, the rich shrubs, and vines, and rose trees, that shall embellish them, here and there will be seen an urn—an obelisk—a broken column, looking out from their drapery of verdure. But can imagination discern the names inscribed on them? Can its keenest glance penetrate that surface, and discover whose dust it is that lies underneath? No! For that is a mystery confined alone to the volume in which are recorded the issues of life and death.

Then let imagination extend its view still further into the future, and contemplate this scene, when time shall have triumphed over all its beauties, when the mourners shall themselves have been mourned and forgotten; when grief, and sorrow, and bereavement, shall have passed away; and those monuments shall have become a nameless, dateless, mouldering heap. Will any corresponding change have come over the dust below? Can time break the vigils of the soul over its former tenement of clay, to which it longs to be re-united in another existence? No! Time may overthrow pyramids of Brass—it may trample upon perished annals—nations may fall before it, but it cannot destroy the slumbers of the grave—they are earth's sacred trust, and can only be surrendered when time shall be swallowed up in eternity.

But if imagination should venture beyond this dread limit, what a vision might be unfolded to it. These graves, illumined by "the morning beam of life's eternal day," and rendering up their dead at the summons of the last trumpet. Friends and kindred recognizing and greeting each other, with more than earthly rapture; and Hope, the mes-

senger of Heaven, beckoning to them with outspread wings, to transport them to mansions of everlasting happiness.

One reflection more and I have done. Death is not only the unavoidable condition of man's existence, but of that of every living animal. Yet man alone, of all beings upon earth, *thinks of death*; he alone is capable of the thought; man alone cares for the body after death, and contemplates death as the passage to another state of existence. This forethought of death is the highest distinction of humanity. Man, therefore, is the only creature that can prepare for it. If then this frail earthly tabernacle is thought worthy of honor and respect, how much more does it become him to make it the business of his life to care for that intelligent spirit which gives it all its value.

If nature and reason prompt him to provide a mansion of rest for *that* which is to perish—oh, how sublime the power; how vast the privilege to prepare that which is to endure *forever*; to dwell “in a house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens.”

